MOVING PICTURE STORIES

10¢

Margaret Livingston

JANUARY 21 1930
VOL. 36
NO. 839

The PAINTED ANGEL

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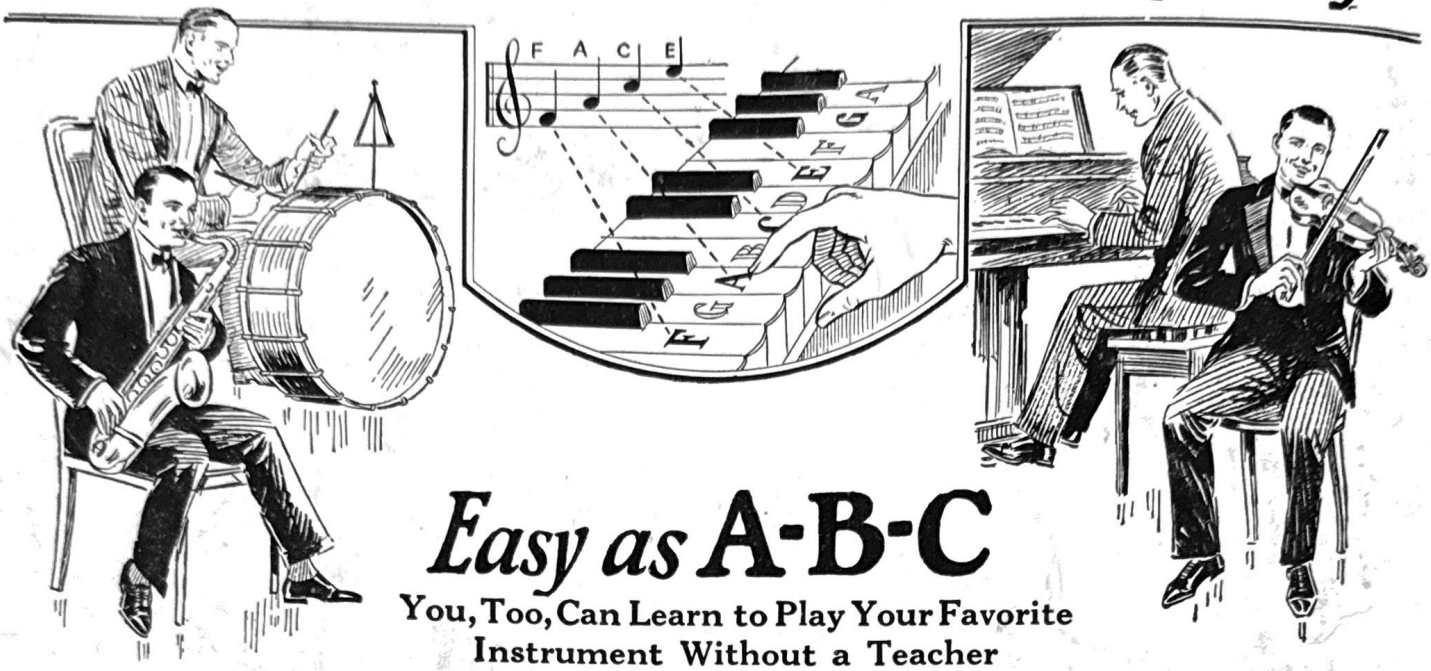

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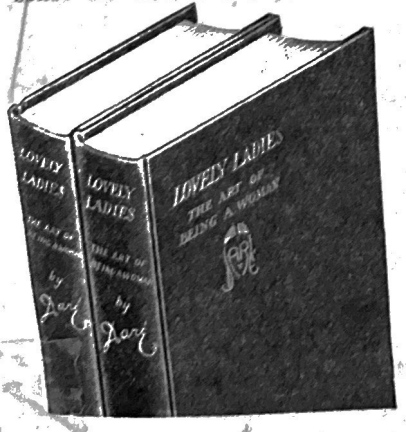

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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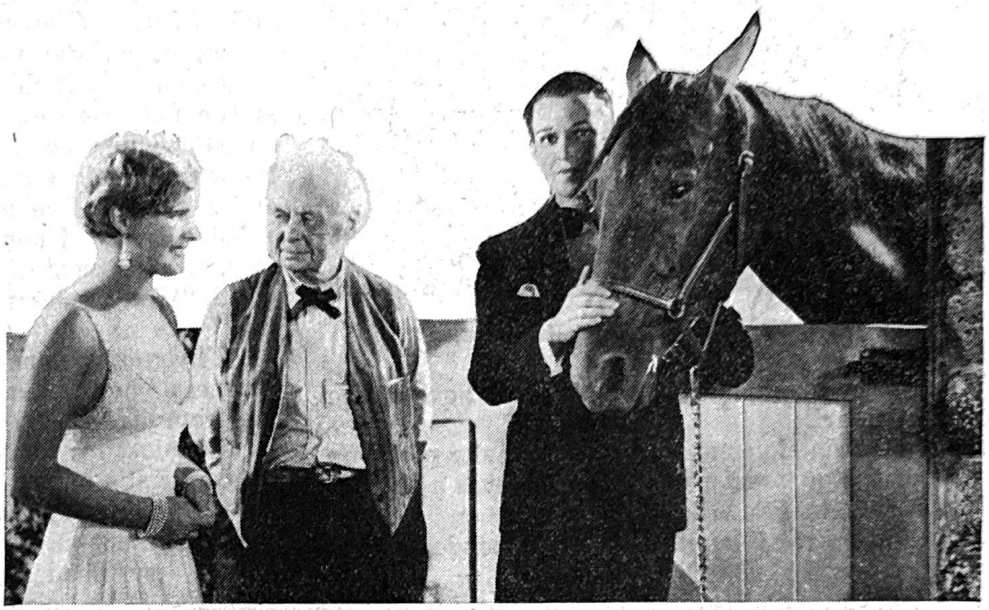
A Song of Kentucky

By ETHEL ROSEMON



A sudden bond of sympathy seemed to spring up between Dixie and his mistress's new friend.

"OH, I remember now."

The puzzled frown with which Lee Coleman had been regarding the young man on the stage who was singing his latest composition, "Sitting by the Window," gave way to a smile of satisfacton that she had succeeded in placing the baffling incident. Kane Pitcairn, who was sitting beside her, asked with interest:

"Remember what, dear?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just—"

"Jerry is all right," her companion volunteered, again turning his attention to the stage.

"Oh, do you know him?" Lee asked eagerly.

"Well, I met him at the Lambs' but I didn't realize he was such a celebrity."

"Kane, you must get him to come down to our party tomorrow night," Lee's aunt, Mrs. Coleman, suggested.

Her husband gave vent to an amused smile. His wife was a regular celebrity-hunter. Anyway, it was all nonsense motoring in from their Long Island home to get a glimpse of the first release of the news reel that showed Lee and her winning horse, Dixie, at the recent Belmont races. He never would have consented if he had suspected that he was abetting another opportunity to indulge his wife's hobby.

But Kane had said he knew Jerry Reavis and he had to make good. Anyway, the chances were that Reavis wouldn't remember—he probably met so many people. So that night while he was removing his make-up, Jerry, to whom vaudeville was merely a side-line, an opportunity to plug his own songs and those of his publisher, Jake Kleinschmidt, was surprised by a visit from the young society man. Perhaps they had met. Jerry didn't show that he didn't remember. And somehow the idea of attending the musicale rather intrigued him. As he had told Jake just before Kane's entrance, he was longing for sunrises and moonsets, not for hot vaudeville stages. Maybe a few hours in the beautiful surroundings of a Long Island home might go a little way toward satisfying that desire.

But Jerry hadn't been in the Coleman home ten minutes the next evening before he was sorry that he had accepted the invitation. As he wandered around on the edge of the dancers, knowing no one,

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"Jerry, I am going to marry Mr. Pitcairn."

feeling very much out of place, he heard one of the guests remark:

"I like Ada Coleman's parties but she picks up some of the queerest people. Her latest is a singing chap from Tin Pan Alley."

"Good heavens!" another voice responded. "Now I suppose we'll have to listen to him."

So that was the reason he had been invited—a sort of side show for the society woman's guests, not as an acquaintance of the man he was supposed to have met at the Lambs' Club! Well, he would do what he was expected to do and then he would leave. In the future he would know better.

Perhaps he would have felt differently if he could have heard the conversation that was going on at that moment between Lee Coleman and his hostess.

"Auntie dear, why haven't you introduced Mr. Reavis around?" the girl was asking, her eyes on the lonely figure that was roaming about on the edge of the crowd.

"My dear, he's here as an entertainer," Mrs. Coleman reminded.

"He is not—he's here as our guest," Lee flashed, for she was utterly out of sympathy with her aunt's methods of corralling celebrities for her social functions, then she hurried across the floor and joined the singer.

"Good evening," she greeted cordially, holding out her hand. "I didn't see you come in. Have you met everyone?"

"Why, no, I—"

At that moment Mrs. Coleman rushed up.

"Oh, there you are," she gushed. "We're waiting to hear one of your lovely songs."

"Oh, Auntie, Mr. Reavis has scarcely had time to catch his breath," Lee protested.

Jerry turned to her with a smile in his eyes that did not quite hide the underlying bitterness.

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Coleman. I'm quite ready to do what I was invited here to do."

The Coleman guests didn't know just what to make of it. The latest of their hostess's celebrities sat down at the piano, pounded the keys and shouted a song at them as if he were slapping them in the face with every word. The moment it was ended, he jumped up and dashed from the room. He was waiting for an attendant to bring his hat and coat when Lee joined him.

"Mr. Reavis, I don't blame you for feeling that way. We've treated you shamefully," she apologized. "Won't you let me say I'm sorry and forgive me?"

"Why, you've done nothing that really needs forgiveness," he told her, the dark cloud suddenly lifting from his face. "For a moment just now—well—I rather lost my sense of humor."

"Oh, that's better," the girl smiled. "Now promise me you'll stay and give me a chance to prove that we're not all like that."

And Jerry had his moonlight in the beautiful grounds of the Coleman home and the sympathetic companionship of a girl whose beauty was one with the silver-touched night, the sweet fragrance of the rare blossoms. He told her of his ambition to write something worth while, to express in music the emotions that had been part of him as far back as he could remember. And she chatted about her horses, especially her favorite, Dixie, who had won the recent race. They laughed like two children when she recalled where she had first seen him. A few years before, while waiting in the limousine for her aunt to finish some shopping, she had been intrigued by an improvised music store at the corner, a wagon on which rested a piano, a boy playing songs, singing them and acting as his own salesman. She had bought a copy and had not waited for the change from her bill, for she had caught sight of her aunt coming out of the store. He remembered now. He had called after her but she had not seemed to hear. Later in the evening she took him to the stable to see Dixie and a sudden bond of sympathy sprang up between the horse and his mistress's new friend. It was there Kane Pitcairn, sent by Lee's aunt in search of her, found them after the other guests had taken their leave.

"Lee, your uncle wants to see you," he told her sternly. Then he turned to Jerry. "I thought you'd gone," he remarked rudely.

The girl wheeled on him.

"Kane, I prevailed on Mr. Reavis to come out and say 'Hello' to Dixie. Tell Uncle I'll be right in."

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the book, lyrics and music by Conrad, Mitchell and Gotler. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan wrote the scenario and Lewis Seiler directed, with Joseph Wagstaff appearing as Jerry Reavis, Lois Moran as Lee Coleman, Dorothy Burgess as Nancy Morgan, Douglas Gilmore as Kane Pitcairn, Herman Bing as Jake Kleinschmidt, Hedda Hopper as Mrs. Coleman, Edward Davis as Mr. Coleman and Bert Woodruff as Steve.

Reluctantly Kane turned away from the stables.

"Young lady, you're in for a spanking," Jerry laughed as they slowly followed him.

"Well, maybe it was worth it," she smiled softly.

Back at the house, Lee faced a plainly displeased aunt and uncle.

"Oh, everyone gone?" the girl commented in surprise. "I'm sorry, Auntie—I didn't realize—"

"Oh, it's really my fault, Mrs. Coleman," Jerry put in.

His hostess eyed him coldly.

"Really?" she drawled. "I thought you had left."

Then Mr. Coleman came forward. His wife had entreated him to put the young upstart from Tin Pan Alley in his place and he thought he knew how to do it.

"Oh, there you are," he greeted. "I've been looking for you, young fellow." He put a check in Jerry's hand.

"What's this for?" the boy asked wonderingly.

"Didn't you sing or juggle or something for Mrs. Coleman?" the other remarked, turning away.

Lee noted the look of hurt pride in Jerry's face and she immediately sprang to the rescue.

"May I have it for my pet charity?" she asked sweetly.

"Why, of course." He smiled down at her, keenly appreciative of what she had done. "And let me mail you one of my own tomorrow for the same amount. Goodnight."

"Oh, Mr. Reavis, I'd love to see Tin Pan Alley sometime," she detained him.

"Well, we can hardly see it until tomorrow," he said as he ran down the steps.

"Why, Lee, you're not really going there!" Mrs. Coleman turned her shocked gaze upon her niece.

"Why, of course not," Kane put in.

"I most certainly am," the girl returned lightly, "and I'll tell you all about it when I get back."

THE visit to Tin Pan Alley the following day was the first of many made by the popular young society girl. Not only was Jerry delighted and always "cockadoodle-dooing like a rooster about the sun, the moon, the stars, the wind, the air, the clouds," as Jake Kleinschmidt expressed it, but Jake, himself, was in his seventh heaven. His favorite was writing real hits now, turning them out one after another, and all the other publishers were beginning to sit up and take notice.

But Jake and the other publishers were not the only ones that were interested in the latest love affair that was flourishing in their midst. After Lee and Jerry had been seen about town together daily for a few weeks, one of the theatrical papers carried the following notice:

RITZY ROMANCE BLOSSOMS IN TIN PAN ALLEY

"A certain debutante whose race horse bears the name of the South's favorite anthem has been visiting Tin Pan Alley. Rumor says the gal is sweet on Broadway's ace song writer."

Mrs. Coleman read the announcement in her Long Island home. So did Mr. Coleman and Kane. The uncle forbade his niece to see any more of the song writer and ordered her to announce her engagement to Kane Pitcairn immediately. Lee calmly but firmly refused. She couldn't very well announce her engagement to one man when she was about to marry another, could she?

"Miss Coleman, I must see you!"

"What have you against Jerry Reavis?"

"He's no good—probably involved with half a dozen women," Mr. Coleman told her.

"Do you know that, Uncle John?" the girl questioned gravely.

"I don't have to know it," her uncle stormed. "He isn't a gentleman and that's enough."

But Lee thought otherwise and, after all, she was the one most vitally concerned. She regretted her relatives' disapproval of her choice, for they were the only family she had ever known. However, as the days went by, there was one bright spot—Kane gradually began to put himself out to be cordial to her fiancé. The three rode together, played tennis, golf—a happy, congenial trio.

"I'm so glad you two have become friends," Lee remarked one afternoon when they were returning from a ride.

"Well, so am I," Jerry beamed.

"That goes for me, too," Kane put in. "The better man won her, Jerry."

"No—let's say the luckier," the other smiled happily.

Lee's heart was singing joyfully when, having said goodby to the two men, she entered the living-room of the Coleman home. There she found a caller waiting for her, a girl she had never seen before, who introduced herself as Nancy Morgan.

"I saw you at Jerry's office one day," the visitor explained. "You're going to marry him, aren't you?"

(Continued on page 22)

Oldfield, inflamed by the liquor he had consumed, put his arms around Mamie and clasped her to him.

The Painted

By JEAN

RODEO WEST entered the private office of the night club that bore her name and gazed anxiously at her manager, standing beside his desk. There was no need to voice the question that had brought her there, for she read the answer in Brood's darkening eyes, in the glimpse she caught of the gun he had just taken from the drawer and was slipping into his pocket. He had seen the white-haired man who had entered the club a few minutes before and had recognized him instantly. Indeed, they both had reason never to forget the newcomer, John Oldfield. It was in a cabaret in San Francisco that they had first met him. Rodeo was then a popular entertainer in a West Coast night club and Brood was a violinist in the orchestra. Oldfield had come to the big city from a lonely ranch in Texas to spend in a few weeks of pleasure the money he had saved up during long, dreary months on the ranch. Early in his visit he had drifted into the cabaret where Rodeo, then known by her own name, Mamie Hudler, was entertaining—and had continued to drift every night thereafter. Then one evening, inflamed by the liquor he had been consuming, he had staggered out onto the floor while she was singing and had grasped her tightly in his arms. When she had succeeded in wrenching herself free, he had pulled out his gun and aimed it at her. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, Brood had flung himself in front of the girl and had taken in the arm the bullet intended for her. That night saw the end of Mamie Hudler and the birth of Rodeo West. Fleeing San Francisco to escape the unpleasant notoriety that would be sure to follow close on the heels of the shooting, she had sought the Mecca of all entertainers, New York, and, under the management of Brood whose wounded arm had ended forever all his cherished hopes of a career as a musician, had opened the night club that had instantly caught on like wildfire.

Rodeo was at heart an artist, not a business woman, and she well knew that she could never have succeeded without the calm judgment, the untiring efforts of the quiet, restrained Brood. Not only did he manage her club but he kept her household in order, drew a boundary line to the exorbitant demands of the Hudler family, mother, father, brothers, sisters and in-laws who, when prosperity came to Rodeo, gave up all pretense of working and settled themselves to enjoy life in the beautiful home the girl's money provided. After a night at the club with its noise, its smoke-ladened atmosphere, its call to laugh and be gay every minute of the time, Rodeo would have considered a new car of the most expensive make a cheap price to pay for a few hours of quiet. It was then that Brood stepped in and permitted himself to be the target for the stormy protests, the recriminations of the united Hudler family. In his life as an entertainer, he had seen many girls ride high on the wave of prosperity for a year or two, only to sink into oblivion and want as the public fancy sought new favorites, and he was determined that the parasites who surrounded Rodeo should not make this the ending of her life story. To be sure, Rodeo, herself, often differed with him and made him the butt for outbursts of her overwrought nerves, but always she was sorry for the sharp things she said, always begged him not to leave her and the club to shift for themselves, a course he was sometimes tempted to take when their quarrels seemed unbearable.

This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of the story, "Give This Little Girl a Hand," by Fannie Hurst. Millard Webb directed, with Billie Dove appearing as Rodeo West, Edmund Lowe as Brood, George MacFarlane as Oldfield, J. Farrell MacDonald as Pa Hudler, Cissy Fitzgerald as Ma Hudler, Nellie Bly Baker as Sippie, Will Stanton as Joe, Norman Selby as Jule, Douglas Gerrard as Sir Harry, Shep Camp as Mac, Peter Higgins as the singer and Red Stanley as the dancer.

Angel PENNINGTON

Now, as she looked at him, she sensed for the first time in the tightening of his lips, the strained lines about his eyes what the loss of his career had meant to the man who was serving her so unstintingly, saw the bitterness in his heart for the rancher who had been responsible—and she was afraid. Taking her gun from the holster of the cow-girl costume she was wearing, she held it out to him.

"Come on, I'll swap with you," she said. "This one is loaded with blanks. You're not going to play his game."

Brood hesitated a moment, then complied with her request.

"But watch your step," he warned. "I'm not so quick as I used to be."

She gave him an anxious glance as she turned to go.

"Brood, you've got to keep your head," she called over her shoulder. Making directly for Oldfield's table, she greeted the newcomer.

"Mamie Hudler!" the man exclaimed in surprised —and unfeigned delight.

"No, Rodeo West—since the last time we met," she corrected.

"Well, it sure is good to see you," he enthused. "You're more beautiful than ever. You know, after that night in Frisco, I searched every nook and corner but you had disappeared completely." His eye wandered to the club manager who was watching the little scene. "Say, isn't that the guy who used to play the fiddle for you?" he asked. Rodeo nodded. "Hey, you, come here," he called to Brood. "How about a little tune? You used to stroke a mean violin." He held out a twenty-dollar bill.

"Yeh, I used to," Brood returned bitterly, accepting the proffered money. Then he hailed a passing waiter and handed the bill over to him. "I want you to pay special attention to Mr. Oldfield—he is very particular and very generous."

With that he returned to his duty. Rodeo started to follow him, for it was time for her next number, but Oldfield put a detaining hand on her shoulder.

"You know, I'm going to spend a great deal of time in New York and I want to feel that I'm welcome in your place," he told her.

"Mr. Oldfield, this is a public night club," Rodeo returned calmly. "If you can pay my price, you are perfectly welcome."

Brood was the outlet for Rodeo's overwrought nerves, but she was always sorry for the sharp things she said, the abuse she often heaped upon him.

FROM that night on, Rodeo's dressing-room resembled a Park Avenue florist shop and the receipts of the night club were swelled by several hundred dollars an evening. Rodeo's home was besieged with telephone calls and with invitations to ride in the millionaire's latest imported car. Some of these invitations the girl accepted—for reasons best known to herself. Brood watched the man's increasing attentions with inscrutable eyes, knew the object of the expensive gifts, the many entertainments with which he was winning the favor of the Hudlers, from father to in-laws. Then one evening he went to Rodeo's dressing-room for a quiet chat.

"Between you and the family it looks as if Oldfield is going to start another shooting scrap if you're not careful," he told her. "Just look at these." His hand swept the profusion of expensive blossoms.

"If people heard you talk, they'd think you were jealous," she smiled.

"No, I'm not jealous," he returned solemnly. "But you know I'm getting a little fed up on this cafe life. I think I'll nosey along back out West. Anyway, you don't need me any more."

"Don't need you any more?" It was a horrified gasp. "Where do you think I could find anyone that could take care of this club the way you have? You're a great guy, Brood."

But the man sitting there beside her dressing-table seemed not to have heard her.

"Oh, by the way," he said casually, "I looked up Oldfield's rating today. Do you know that fellow struck oil on his ranch and is worth twenty-two million bucks?"

"Well, we're getting our share of it, aren't we?" the girl returned. "He's spending it out there like a drunken sailor."

"Yeh, and the money he's spending is only car-fare," Brood informed her.

He had never talked to her this way before, at least not about another man's money, and she looked at him wonderingly.

"What are you getting at?" she questioned.

"You know, Rodeo, I've told you again and again you can't go on in this sort of racket forever," he reminded her. "Have you ever thought of getting married?"

"Sure, every girl thinks of getting married." She paused, arrested by something peculiar in her manager's expression, then she added. "No, I guess I was wrong. Marriage has never entered my head."

"Well, after all, this guy, Oldfield, is not a bad fellow—and twenty-two million dollars is a lot of security."

She turned to him, a question on her lips, but the call for her next number prevented her from voicing it. As soon as this was over, she hurried back to her dressing-room, for she wanted to be alone to think over the unusual conversation, the strangeness of Brood's manner. But she was not alone for many minutes, for suddenly the door was thrown open and Oldfield entered, all smiles and anticipation.

"Simply had to see you alone," he explained.

"My visitors usually knock," she told him coldly.

"Ah, don't get sore, Mamie," he laughed. "Let's be friends. Old friends are always welcome, aren't they? And don't you consider me an old friend?"

"Now what do you think?" she countered.

"I think you are the most beautiful woman in the world," he told her.

"Well, you can't say any more than that, so you'd better go," she suggested.

"Oh, that isn't all I've got to say," he hurried on. "I've got a little kingdom down in Texas and I want to set you up in my castle. I want to wrap you up in all the sables there are and deck you out in all the diamonds in the world."

The girl's eyes flashed angrily.

"My place is selling entertainment out there, not in here. You'd better go before Brood finds you here."

But the man stood his ground.

"Honey, you and Brood have got me all wrong," he explained. "I want to marry you. I've got a little proposition to make to you." Rodeo drew back. "Oh, I don't expect you to love me at first—I'm not a young man—but what I have to offer is better than all this. I hate to see you working when I can give you so much."

The girl smiled gently.

"I guess I did get you all wrong," she said softly. "I'm sorry."

At that moment the door was pushed open and Brood entered.

"I hate to butt in," he said, looking from one to the other, "but I think this concerns me. I heard you speak of marriage."

"Well, is that any of your affair?" Oldfield turned upon him angrily.

"Yeh," Brood replied. "Marriage is a business proposition and I'm Rodeo's manager."

"You got in my way once, remember. Don't do it again,"the other man warned.

Rodeo stepped between them.

"Stop it!" she commanded angrily. "You've got your nerve, coming in here and starting a row!"

"I'm not starting a row, I'm merely looking after your interest," Brood told her calmly. "This is a business proposition and I'm going to handle it in a business like way—whether you like it or not." Then he turned to the rancher. "Mr. Oldfield, this night club is a little gold mine, with Rodeo digging about three hundred thousand a year from it. I figure she is good for about five years more. That's a cool million and a half. Now what have you to offer?"

"As Rodeo's manager, you should make it your business to find out," the rancher flashed.

"I have. I found out that you're worth twenty-two million dollars."

"Well, isn't that enough?" Oldfield questioned proudly.

"Yes—for you. Now what are you going to settle on Rodeo—in advance? She's got to have security. What are you going to bid against that million and a half?"

The girl had been standing silently by, trying to control her temper, but this was too much.

"What do you mean by auctioning me off?" she demanded. "You're not being paid as an auctioneer here! Get out! Get out, I tell you!"

"All right," Brood consented, starting for the door. "But, remember, whatever I've done was for you."

"Honey, Brood is right," Oldfield told her when the door had closed upon the manager. "Your future has got to be protected and I'm the guy that can do it. I'll make a settlement on you that will knock their eyes out. What do you say I tell the folks right now?"

Oldfield was sweeping her off her feet with his rapid-fire methods and, besides, she was dazed by the suddenness of it all.

"But I—please—leave me alone," she pleaded.

"All right, honey," he returned cheerfully. "And don't worry about the folks—they're all with me." In the corridor outside Rodeo's dressing-room, he ran into Brood. "You know I've had you wrong all the way along," he told him. "I thought you were in love with Mamie."

"That's funny," the manager laughed.

"Yes, it is funny, isn't it?" Oldfield was still chuckling merrily over his mistake when he joined

"How about a little tune? You used to stroke a mean violin."

the Hudler party at his own table. "Boys and girls, I've just closed one of the niftiest little deals of my life," he announced, beaming down upon them, "and there's going to be an announcement made in a minute that'll bowl you over."

MEANWHILE, upstairs, Rodeo had coaxed Brood back into her dressing-room and had apologized for her anger of a few minutes before.

"You told Oldfield I had five years longer here," she said thoughtfully.

"I was bluffing," her manager admitted. "Broadway's fickle. You might be forgotten overnight."

"Then you wouldn't blame me for wanting security?" she questioned.

"Nope," Brood told her gravely, not meeting her eyes.

"Brood, do you think I could go through with this?" she asked.

"Sure you could," he returned with an attempt at lightness.

"I couldn't. I don't love him," she said emphatically.

"But you could learn to," he suggested.

"Do you want me to marry Oldfield?" she questioned sharply.

"Yeh," he told her, strumming on the piano keys before him.

His indifference seemed to madden the girl.

"What is your heart made of?" she cried. "Doesn't it beat, doesn't it ache like mine? Don't you care for anybody? Don't you love anyone in the world? What are you made of? What do you think you are?"

Then Brood's anger flashed forth to meet hers.

"What do I think I am?" he repeated. "I'll tell you what I am—a glorified headwaiter, taker of your orders, a parasite. Do you think I look like a man content to be that? What do you think I hang around here for, your doormat, your foot stool? And you dare ask me what I'm made of!"

Rodeo drew back, now thoroughly frightened at the storm she had aroused.

"Oh, Brood, I didn't think," she began.

"No, you didn't think," he retorted. "You've been too busy wiping up the world with the tails of your ermine coat. Go ahead, get your twenty-two millions—and the sooner the better."

He turned to the door, but Rodeo's arms were around him, drawing him back.

"Brood, I won't let you go. I'll never let you go." She was very near to tears. "Why didn't I know, why didn't you tell me before that you loved me? Didn't you know it? I didn't. I didn't even know I loved you until now. Now I'm so happy."

The man took her hands in both his and looked deep into her eyes as if he would read her heart.

"Rodeo, what kind of a man would I be, what sort of love would I have for you if I took you away from some one who can give you everything?"

Her arms went about his shoulders and she drew his lips down to meet hers.

"Brood, without you I'd have nothing," she whispered.

A FEW minutes later the master of ceremonies called for silence among the diners.

"I have some great news for you!" he shouted.

(Continued on page 22)

Before Moran and Mack appeared on the screen in "Why Bring That Up?", many of their vaudeville admirers were wondering whether the two black-faced comedians ever went about in their own white make-up.

THAT'S

By RUTH

COMEDIANS love practical jokes but, as a general rule, they won't tell about the ones that have been "pulled" on themselves.

Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, are exceptions and here is one they told on themselves recently while making "Two Black Crows in the A. E. F." at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood.

In vaudeville, the Crows were appearing on the same bill with another comic but had never met him. As they sat in their dressing-room, making up, a knock sounded at the door and a Jewish man entered.

"Any zoots to clean?" he asked.

Moran passed him a suit and asked the price.

"Dol fifty for sponging and prezzing."

"Give it back, robber," Moran shouted. "I can get it done anywhere for a dollar and a quarter."

"It's a chip zoot, anyway," the man said, flinging it on the floor and exiting.

The Crows "burned". They "burned" to such an extent that they finally sought the manager to have the insolent tailor barred from the theatre. They passed the "insolent" tailor on the way. He was in the center of the stage, bowing before a volley of applause. He was Harry Green, Jewish comedian, now in motion pictures and working at the same studio with the Crows at the present time.

Here is a newcomer to the film colony, Baby Lila Rubin, and the papa, Benny.

AS OLE man 1929 bowed out and gay young 1930 stepped in, many picture stars hastened to join the ranks of the "resolutionists", many of whom placed, "Resolved: Not to buy stock on margin" at the top of their list.

Richard Barthelmess made the personal resolution that he will beat Ronald Colman and William Powell at tennis and added sadly that, since all of his dogs are either lost, strayed or stolen, he will not buy any more pedigreed pups until after 1940. His closing resolution was that his next vacation trip will take him to China. Possibly that is with an eye to calling attention to the fact that in his next picture, "Son of the Gods," he will portray a Chinese boy.

"Resolved," said Corinne Griffith, "that I will no longer go in for distinctive auto radiator ornaments, as they are either stolen or copied, and that, as I am making only two pictures a year, I will spend more time at the beach and get a heavier coat of tan."

Jack Mulhall resolved never again to bet on the Varsity of Southern California against the Notre Dame gridiron warriors, not to raise a mustache

THAT

RAND

Mrs. John Mack Brown has much confidence in George Fawcett, for she looks on with a smile while he holds the most precious bundle.

unless absolutely necessary and to build a monument to the guy who invented acting.

"Resolved," said Alice White, "that I won't talk to a man in public because I am getting fed up with being announced as engaged every week. I will fight for the return of short skirts. I will avoid marriage as long as possible for the sake of a career."

"Resolved," Bille Dove added, "to learn how to operate a studio sun-light arc, to learn to speak French fluently and to try to obtain a role in a picture in which I can appear as a costume character."

Dorothy Mackaill's resolutions hinted broadly that she loves travel.

"I will positively make a trip abroad in 1930 and visit Hull, my home town in Merrie England, and I will spend more time at Agua Caliente and also make a trip to Honolulu as often as I can get a vacation."

"Resolved," declared Loretta Young, "to become a star in 1930, to have a saddle horse of my own and to go on with a college education, studying at night between pictures."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., stated that he will make no more New Year's resolutions because he always breaks them.

"Resolved," said Louise Fazenda, "to play at least three serious roles in 1930, to give a party for all of the former Mack Sennett players still in pictures and to meet Mayor Walker, Babe Ruth and John Doe."

FOR the first time since her debut on the audible screen, Nancy Carroll will speak the broad, R-rolling brogue of her County Claire ancestors in "Come Out of the Kitchen". Miss Carroll, in this, her second starring picture, is a Southern belle who turns cook to save the family mansion. To disguise her real identity, she adopts the speech and mannerisms of a typical Irish immigrant.

(Continued on page 27)

It is expected that the wedding of Loretta Young and Grant Withers will be one of the early spring events in Hollywood.

WALL STREET

By HELEN HOYT

Roller McCray urged the Tabors to join him at his table. Mrs. Tabor pleaded the lateness of the hour but, at an almost imperceptible nod from her husband, reluctantly consented.

ROLLER McCRAY had always wanted to associate with nice people, to mingle with ladies and gentlemen. When he was a roller at the steel mills—the occupation that gave him his nickname—he had thought that wealth was the key to the charmed circle; now that his money could buy and sell most of the social registrites, he realized how mistaken he had been. When he gave a party to celebrate a particularly good day in the Street, the only women he knew to invite were those he could "buy six for a nickel", as he expressed it, who accepted his invitation in the hope of getting a sure tip on the market or for the more immediate return of the generous bill he always handed them for "car fare".

This particular day's manipulations had increased his bank account by five million dollars and, as he told his right hand man, Savage, to reserve a table at the Little Club for dinner, he wished ardently that he could see seated around it the kind of people it had always been his ambition to know. As his eyes rested upon his guests that evening, he was more than ever conscious of the qualities they lacked. From his own table his gaze wandered across the room—and there it rested, held by the living embodiment of his ideal, a slender, fair-haired woman whose every turn of the head, every gesture bespoke breeding, poise. Questioning of the head waiter brought the information that the woman's companion was Walter Tabor, the man who just a year before had crushed McCray and against whom the latter's financial forces were now arrayed in retaliation. But this fact did not prevent him from crossing the floor and greeting his business opponent with cheerful friendliness. The other man was obviously nervous; his companion was coolly aloof. But, when McCray gave every evidence of stopping to chat indefinitely, Tabor had to introduce his party, the fair-haired woman, his wife, and Mr. and Miss Willard, his business associate and his sister. McCray insisted upon their joining his party. Mrs. Tabor pleaded the lateness of the hour but, at a scarcely perceptible nod from her husband, reluctantly consented. McCray seated the newcomers at his end of the table with Mrs. Tabor in the chair next to his own. He devoted his conversation exclusively to her with only monosyllabic responses on her part.

"You know, you and I are a lot alike," he told her, leaning confidentially near her. "We're the kind of people who oughta own the earth—and we could. We oughta be good friends. In my estimation there is nothing sadder than to see a bird of paradise"—his gaze rested admiringly on her face, then wandered contemptuously to her husband sitting opposite—"mated with a lame duck."

Mrs. Tabor's eyes flashed angrily.

"You were merely ridiculous before," she returned, "now you are impertinent—and disgusting."

"Yeh? Maybe you'll sing another tune after tomorrow."

There was a hidden threat in his voice. Mrs. Tabor rose quickly from the table.

"Come, Walter, we're leaving," she said to her husband.

"I—I'm sorry," Tabor apologized as he followed her.

"No you're not," Roller smiled, "you're just scared."

THE next day in the market Roller McCray completed the ruin of Walter Tabor. Shortly after the exchange closed, the latter came into his office, white and shaken.

"I'm wiped out, finished," he cried. "Give me a chance, will you? I'm not asking it for myself but for my family, my wife."

The contempt in McCray's eyes gave way to a look of hardness.

"You've pulled the wrong sob story now, brother," he told him. "Your wife laughed at me last night. Tell her what's happened and see if she'll laugh now."

The other man drew a gun from his pocket and raised it to his head. With a quick slap McCray knocked it out of his hand.

"Not in my office," he said sternly. "Now get out!"

Without a backward glance, Walter Tabor dashed through the door. A second later there was a horrified scream from the secretaries in the outer office. The desperate man had leaped through the window to the stone pavement several stories below.

A FEW days later Roller McCray called at the Tabor home. As he waited in the reception hall while the butler took his name to his mistress, a blond-haired little lad came toddling down the wide staircase, clasping a derrick in his arms. Roller McCray loved children and he greeted the newcomer with:

"Hello, sonny! What's your name?"

"Richard Tabor," the child answered, returning his smile.

The man became instantly grave. This eager-faced little boy had become fatherless through the game played by big business. The next moment the friendly smile returned as he said brightly:

"Yeah? Well, to me you're goin' to be just Dick."

The lad grinned with delight.

Little Richard and Roller had become great friends. The child took all his broken toys to the man, for no one could put them in order as quickly as "Uncle Roller" and no one else seemed to know where boys liked to spend the afternoons as well as he.

"I always wanted some one to just call me Dick," he confided.

He held out his broken toy and the man knelt on the stairs beside him and volunteered to fix it. A few deft twists here, the tightening of a screw there, and the little derrick was in working order again.

"Gee, you're a nice man!" the child exclaimed gleefully.

"I'm glad you think so," Roller returned, "not many people do."

At that moment Anne Tabor joined them. When her caller had been announced, she had at first flatly refused to see him but Willard, her husband's business associate, who now had the task of straightening out the firm's affairs, advised her to find out the object of his call.

"If he's made up his mind to see you, nothing will stop him," he told her," so you might as well get it over with."

"That's a mighty fine boy you've got, Mrs. Tabor," was Roller's greeting. But no answering smile came to the woman's eyes.

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Paul Gangelen and Jack Kirkland, produced by Harry Cohn. Norman Houston wrote the scenario and Roy William Neill directed, with Ralph Ince appearing as Roller McCray, Aileen Pringle as Anne Tabor, Phillip Strange as Walter Tabor, Sam de Grasse as Willard, Ernest Hilliard as Savage, Freddie Burke Frederick as Richard Tabor and Jimmie Finlayson as Andy Cairns.

"Do you mind telling me why you came?" she asked coldly.

"Well, I wanted you to know that I'm sorry about —your husband. I came here to find out what you're goin' to do. I've been pretty much worried since this thing happened and I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' and I'd like to help you and your boy. Oh, I know you look upon me as an enemy and I can't say that I blame you, but here's what I want to tell you—I never got anywhere until I learned this, 'Take everything you can get—and, if it comes from an enemy, so much the sweeter'."

"Are you inferring that I should take something from you?" Anne Tabor asked wonderingly.

"Why not?" he replied. "A lot of what I've got used to belong to you and I want to give it back. Maybe this sounds funny but I'm on the level. I'd like to be your friend. I'd like to make up to you somehow for what's happened. In the first place, I'm going to give you back everything your husband lost."

"But why are you interested in giving back what you've taken?" she demanded.

"I like temper, whether it's in a good piece of steel or in a thoroughbred." His eyes rested admiringly upon her pale face, the crown of golden hair, the slim, mourning-clad figure. "You remind me of both and I don't want to see you on the scrap heap. Don't say yes or no now. Take a little time to think it over." He laid a folded paper on the table. "I bought this house and everything in it. Here's the bill of sale. It's yours."

With a hasty goodby, he turned to the door and Anne Tabor stood looking after him, too astonished to speak. A few minutes later she recounted the conversation to Willard. It was a chance, he told her, a chance to break the man who had been responsible for her husband's death. Roller McCray could be reached through a woman—and she was that woman. Anne Tabor's eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Take everything you can get," he had said, "and, if it comes from an enemy, so much the sweeter."

From that day, Roller McCray was a constant visitor at the Tabor home. Anne gave him no encouragement but she played for him while he sat watching her in silent admiration and she let him talk to her about Richard, for he and the boy had become great pals. But, beneath the mask of cold politeness, her feeling for him had not changed and his visits were torture to her.

"Jack, I just can't stand him," she told Willard one day.

"Just a little longer," the man urged. "I know from a reliable source that he's planning the biggest gamble of his career. He's throwing every resource at his command into this one big deal. You won't have to see him many more times if only we can find out what he's going to do."

"I despise him—and I despise myself for letting him come here," she returned feelingly. "And it's uncanny the influence he has over Richard. Why, only today he took him to a baseball game without even asking my permission."

AT THAT very moment, Roller was entertaining his young friend at dinner in his apartment. The two were having a hilarious time when Andy Cairns, a lovable old Scotchman who used to be Roller's foreman at the mills and who was still working away at the same job, was announced. Roller's greeting was boyishly enthusiastic. He never forgot an old friend and he had pleasant memories of the kindness of both Andy and his wife when he was struggling to make something of himself. It was a shame that this man was still plodding away, still forced to practice petty economies that he might have sufficient to keep him going in the days when he would no longer be able to work. He'd fix that. Andy had a little nest egg saved up. Roller would invest it for him in United Motors, for in the next day or two he was going to send that stock up to five hundred, maybe six. He cautioned the man not to mention that fact to anyone except his wife—she was Scotch and knew how to keep her mouth shut—for Roller never told his plans, even to his most intimate friends. Andy beamed at the prospect of the fortune in store for him.

"And when your Uncle Roller makes your Uncle Andy a millionaire," he told Richard who was playing on the floor with a train of cars, stopping now and then to listen to the conversation, for he had never heard anything quite so intriguing as the burr of this new acquaintance, "I'll buy you a new car for your railroad. And don't forget to have your Uncle Roller bring you down to the mill picnic. You'll have a great time with the other little girls and boys."

That night when he had returned Richard to his home and the child had been sent off to bed, Roller laid a box in Anne Tabor's hand. Wonderingly she opened it. An unguarded exclamation of admiration escaped her lips at the beauty of the string of pearls that lay against the satin cushion, then her eyes became suddenly hard, calculating.

"There was a time when I would have thrown this—" she paused a moment—"when I would have refused this gift, but now—'Take everything you can get—and, if it comes from an enemy, so much the sweeter'."

Roller laughed good-naturedly.

"You see, you're learning," he complimented.

"You've been very kind to me and to Richard," she said in a softer tone. "Now there's a favor I'd like to ask of you. I'd like to make some money. I want to invest and I can't afford to lose. I thought perhaps you could tell me of a good stock that's sure to go up."

"I'll invest anything you say for you, but I make it a rule never to give tips on the market," he told her firmly.

"Uncle Roller's going to send United Motors up to five hundred, maybe six, and then Uncle Andy's going to buy me a new train."

"Never mind. Let's forget it. I wouldn't have you break a rule—for anything."

She was close to him, so close that the fragrance of her hair came to him, tantalizingly, intoxicatingly. His arms went about her and crushed her slender body to his.

"You're the loveliest thing in the world," he murmured hoarsely. "I've got to tell you how I love you. You're strong like I am. We belong together, you and I. Listen to me. I can give you everything. I've wanted you ever since that night—the first night I saw you."

Anne drew away from him and regarded him scornfully.

"The great Roller McCray—begging?"

"Yes, I—I am begging," he returned.

"And for the one thing you can never have," she told him.

"I want you to marry me, Anne," he pleaded.

"Marry you? That's funny!" Her laugh rang out, hard, scarcastic.

"Funny?" he repeated. "You think it's funny?" He drew her close again and fastened his lips on hers in a long, lingering kiss. "Anyway, I've got this to remember you by," he said, releasing her. As he took his hat and turned to go, she thrust the pearls into his hand with an exclamation of contempt.

When Willard called later that evening, she was still too outraged to tell him coherently what had happened but finally he drew the story from her, interspersed with emphatic declarations that she would never see him again under any circumstances.

"If only you'd lead him on for just a few days more," the man urged. "We're pretty confident that he's going into United Motors with every cent he owns—but we're not quite sure. You might be able to get the information from him now."

But Anne was firm in her decision.

ROLLER did not come to the house during the next few days—and Richard was inconsolable. His railroad wouldn't work and no one but Uncle Roller knew how to put his toys in order.

"Well, I guess I'll have to wait until Uncle Andy gives me my new train," he decided when Anne finally succeeded in convincing him that he would not see McCray any more."

"Who?" Willard and his mother asked together.

"Andy," the boy repeated. "Uncle Roller's going to send United Motors up to five hundred, maybe six, and then Uncle Andy promised me a new train."

A triumphant gleam came into the man's eyes.

"Are you sure, Richard?" he questioned.

"Sure," the child declared. "And today's the day Uncle Roller was going to take me to the picnic at

(Continued on page 26)

LUCKY IN LOVE

To any but the son of Patrick O'Moore, Michael's case would of the Earl of Balkerry, the girl of his dreams was

MICHAEL O'MOORE had the tinkle of Irish fairy-bells in his voice when he sang, the sparkle of Killarney's sun-kissed lakes in his eyes when he laughed, and always he sang and always he laughed as he went about his work—for Michael O'Moore was in love. To any but the son of Patrick O'Moore his case would have seemed hopeless, for Michael was but a groom on the vast rolling estate of the Earl of Balkerry, the girl of his dreams was the Earl's granddaughter, Lady Mary Cardigan. But Michael was born in America and had been taken to the land of his ancestors when he was twelve years old. In those early years in the great democracy, he had imbibed the spirit of equality. Lady Mary might be far above him in birth but there was nothing to prevent his rising to her level. To be sure, a groom could not aspire to the hand of his lady but Michael would become more than a groom, he would return to that great free country where nothing is impossible to the man who has the will to work and make a name for himself. But he kept putting off that day, loath to leave the land that sheltered his loved one. Then fate intervened and made the decision for him.

Among the suitors for the hand of the lovely Irish girl was Captain Brian Fitzroy whom she had met during a visit to Dublin. The Captain journeyed down to Castle Balkerry one day with a double object—to press his suit for the hand of Lady Mary and to arrange for the purchase from her grandfather of part of his estate for factories to be erected by the Irish Linen Company which the Captain represented. In financial circles he had learned that the affairs of the proud old Earl were in a critical state. Any day the bank holding the mortgage would foreclose. It was his knowledge of this probability that he used as an argument to overcome the Earl's objections to having ugly factories built right at his door on the beautiful land where now his tenants lived in peace and quiet as their ancestors had done for generations before them. Better, the Captain pointed out, to sell part of his holdings than to forfeit the whole estate to the bank. But no argument could prevail against the old man's love for his home. Perhaps some miracle would happen—they were always happening in Ireland—to save intact his family heritage.

It was at the hunt dance that Captain Fitzroy made his business proposition. To be sure, he could not say that he had met with success and he hoped that the question he intended to put to Lady Mary later in the evening would call forth a more enthusiastic response. Michael was also at the dance but not as a guest. At Lady Mary's request, he had come with a couple of his fellow musicians to sing

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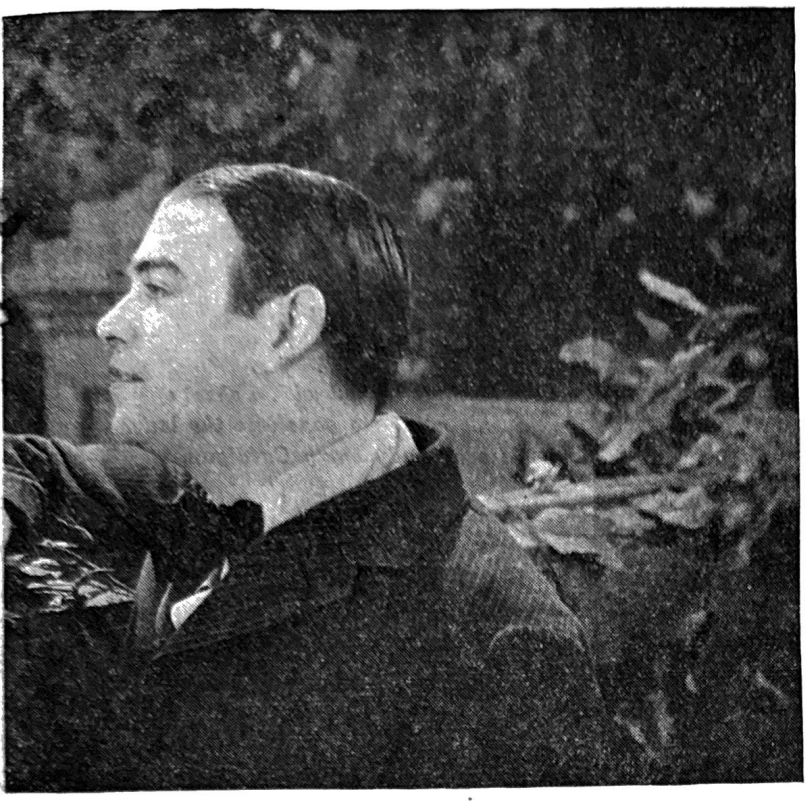
This is an adaptation of Pathe Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Gene Marky, produced by Robert T. Kane. Kenneth Webb directed, with Morton Downey appearing as Michael O'Moore, Betty Lawford as Lady Mary Cardigan, Colin Keith-Johnston as Captain Brian Fitzroy, Halliwell Hobbes as the Earl of Balkerry, J. M. Kerrigan as Connors, Edward McNamara as Tim O'Moore, Richard Taber as Paddy, Edward O'Connor as Rafferty, Mary Murray as Kate, Mackenzie Ward as Cyril Twombly, Louis Sorin as Abe Feinberg, Sonia Karlov as Lulu Bellew, Tyrrell Davis as Potts and Elizabeth Murray as the landlady.



By

ROSEMARY LEE

have seemed hopeless, for he was but a groom on the vast estate the Earl's granddaughter, Lady Mary Cardigan.

for the company. As he stood in the middle of the great ball-room, not only his voice but his eyes spoke to the girl of his heart and hers answered the love plea she saw mirrored there. The song ended, the musicians packed up their instruments and left the castle, but Michael lingered in the conservatory, his longing gaze fastened upon the gay dancing throng but seeing only one girlish figure, only one sweet face with its halo of dark brown hair, its deep laughing eyes. Somehow the girl felt his presence and, excusing herself to her partner, joined him in the conservatory.

"Oh, I was afraid you wouldn't come," he said, his hungry eyes devouring the lovely face upturned to his.

"I couldn't let you go without a word," she returned, "after that song in which you showed me your heart. I'm so glad you told me, Michael."

"And there is one thing more I want to tell you and the world, too," he whispered, "that is that I'm through working for you."

"Why, Michael!" she gasped in dismay.

"Ah, I know I've been your groom for three years," he returned, "but, the next time I'm your groom, I want you to be the bride, so we can go marching down the aisle together."

The girl's eyes grew dusky with dreams.

"I wonder if things as beautiful as that ever really happen," she breathed.

"I decided in there tonight"—there was determination in the boy's uplifted chin—"when I saw those people sitting around with beautiful clothes on, that I'm going to get somewhere in this world, so I can have you with me."

The girl gave a sigh of contentment as, almost without her will, she swayed into his arms and the boy held her close to his happy heart. Then the sound of footsteps broke in upon their dream and a sharp voice exclaimed:

"This is romantic—a lady in the arms of a stable boy!" The young sweethearts drew apart. "Have you so little decency, Mary," Fitzroy's strident voice went on, "that you have to go to the servants for a lover?"

Michael wheeled upon the newcomer, his face white with anger.

"One more crack like that and I'll be all over you like ants at a picnic."

"I wouldn't lower myself by arguing with you," the Captain returned icily. "You've got a nerve, coming among ladies and gentlemen, a stable boy whose place is with the horses. Now get out!"

Perhaps the Captain forgot he was speaking to an Irishman who combined with his fighting blood the spirit of the land that knows no caste. But the next second he had occasion to remember it, for the boy's fist shot out and the man measured his length on the stone floor of the conservatory. Mary's scream brought her grandfather and the servants running into the room. The butler knelt quickly beside the limp figure on the floor, then, with horror-filled eyes, he looked up at his master.

"Lord save us, it's dead he is, sir," he announced in an awed whisper.

"I'll take a copy of that."

"Certainly, Madam."

Michael turned with a sheet of music in his hand—to gaze into the laughing face of Lady Mary Cardigan.

The white-faced girl turned in terror to the boy at her side.

"Run, Michael," she urged.

"But I—"

"Please run for my sake," she begged.

IN THE cottage of his uncle, Tim O'Moore, who for years had bought and sold horses for the Earl of Balkerry, the fugitive boy found refuge. And Uncle Tim had no intention of letting the police take the only son of his dead brother. He had saved up a little money against a rainy day and this, he decided, would take the boy to America. There was a boat sailing that night and at the foot of Balkerry Castle his own little craft was anchored. In the darkness of the night the boy could steal down to the edge of the water and he, himself, would row him across the river to safety. As Michael waited anxiously for his uncle to complete the hurried arrangements, he was astonished to hear the sound of music and gay laughter, wafted on the night air from the brightly lighted castle.

"That's funny," he whispered. "They're playing music and a man lies dead."

"He's not dead," Tim returned. "But he might as well be for all the good it'll do you. Down in the village they told me there's a warrant out for your arrest. They'll send you to prison, maybe for five years, so lay low, lad, until you hear my whistle, then take the back road down to the river bank."

While Michael waited for his uncle's signal, there was a gentle knock at the door and Mary's voice whispered his name. With a beating heart he drew back the bolt and the next second the trembling girl was in his arms. Hurriedly he told her his plans.

"America!" she gasped. "Oh, Michael, it's such a long way off."

"I know, Mary, but I'll get rich there, then I'll come back for you. Until then, with every breath I take, I'll be thinking of you."

At that moment a shrill police whistle struck terror to their young hearts; the next, Uncle Tim's low signal brought a ray of hope. A hurried kiss, a whispered, "I love you so"—and the boy disappeared into the darkness.

IT WAS the day of the ship's concert. Lulu Bellew, musical comedy star, returning to the States from a vacation in Europe, had heard that down in the steerage there was a sweet-voiced Irish lad who had been entertaining his fellow passengers with the lilting songs of his homeland. She needed just such a number to complete her program and she solicited the aid of Abe Feinberg, a department store magnate from New York, to get the boy for the evening's entertainment.

Michael sang that night and he sang his way right into the heart of the New York merchant. What a voice for the music department of his store! How the women would crowd around to buy songs from the handsome Irish lad! Before the evening was over, Michael O'Moore had a job and Abe Feinberg rubbed his hands in delight. A good business man? Sure! Even in mid-ocean he was picking up bargains.

And Abe was right. Before Michael had been in his employ many weeks the sales doubled and in

"I'm sorry to interrupt."

"Is there no limit to your nerve? The last time we met—"

Fitzroy's eyes flashed angrily. Was he never to see the end of this fellow?

a few months the young Irish lad was manager of the music department of New York's favorite shopping center. Then one morning a letter came bearing the Irish postmark. Eagerly Michael broke the seal. For a moment his face clouded as he read:

"Dear Michael: It is so lonely here without you and I do not know whether you are ever coming back. Captain Fitzroy is urging me to marry him and I don't know what to do. Mary."

But Michael knew what to do. The music department of Feinberg's store, the customers waiting to have him sing their favorite numbers were all forgotten as he dashed out to the nearest cable office. It was just a line he sent but it brought the smiles back to the eyes of Mary Cardigan, smiles that had vanished the night Michael O'Moore had sailed for America and disappeared again for the moment when Mary put her arms around her favorite horse, Mavourneen, one of the few now left in the once well-stocked stables of the Earl of Balkerry, and gave orders to Tim O'Moore to sell the mare as quickly as possible. Then she turned again and whispered something in the horse's ear. Perhaps the lovely animal realized, for she seemed to smile at her young mistress with understanding sympathy. The next day, when Captain Fitzroy made a hasty trip to Balkerry to obtain Mary's signature to some papers which were necessary for the sale of the property to his company, he found that the girl had sailed for America the night before.

IT WAS the busiest day of the season in the music department of Feinberg's store. Michael O'Moore could scarcely start the opening bars of one song before another was thrust into his hands. Abe, passing down the aisle, smiled with satisfaction. A good business man? Yes, even in mid-ocean! And Michael was in a particularly entertaining mood this morning. After he had sung all the songs his customers requested, he volunteered to let them hear his favorite, "Love is a Dreamer". As he sang, the department store, the admiring customers faded from his view and in their place he saw a spacious ballroom, a lovely, slender, dark-eyed girl gazing down at him from the staircase, and it was to her he sang. When he had finished, a feminine voice brought him back to reality with a murmured, "I'll take a copy of that."

"Certainly, madam."

He turned with the music in his hand—to gaze into the laughing face of Mary Cardigan. She had come directly from the boat in her eagerness to see Michael. Oblivious of the waiting customers, the boy linked his arm through hers and led her down the aisle where they could find a quiet spot. Joyously he told her of his good fortune. They could have a little home of their own now. Perhaps it would be only two rooms at first, but what need they care as long as they could be together? But Mary wanted to work and help furnish that home. She had heard that in America any woman might work, might be independent, and the idea appealed to her. And here again Abe Feinberg proved himself a good business man. At Michael's request, he found a place for Mary behind the linen counter and the very next morning she began her duties.

THOSE were great days for the young people. To Mary her job was just like a new game. She loved to handle the fine linens. The Irish Linen Company supplied the Feinberg store and the fact

that they came from her homeland gave the dainty pieces a human appeal. And she found a gay delight in sending the most irate customer away with a smile. Then there was Michael. His department was on the same floor and, whenever he could steal a minute, he hurried over to the linen counter, even if the busy little saleslady had time only for a smile. In the evenings they went to a movie or strolled up Broadway, hand in hand, with ever increasing wonder at the bright lights, the flashing electric signs. But through it all there came a wistful sadness when they thought of home. Every inch of the velvety green that surrounded Balkerry Castle was dear to the hearts of both and they knew that soon the old Earl would have to sacrifice it.

Then one morning Michael got an idea. He didn't mention it to Mary because, if it didn't work out, the disappointment would be doubly hard to bear. But if it did— The boy could scarcely wait for the store to open to lay his plan before his employer. The Irish Linen Company had a monopoly on the kind of goods sold at the Feinberg store—and charged accordingly. Now why couldn't Abe put up his own factory? Michael knew the very spot, close to the shipping center and having its workers right at hand, people who in their own homes had woven linen all their lives as their ancestors had done before them.

It didn't take many seconds for the New York merchant to vision the Abe Feinberg Linen Works, Balkerry, Ireland.

"I think we ought to talk this proposition over," he decided.

"We'll have to talk fast," the boy told him. "If we don't buy the property by next Friday, the Irish Linen Company gets it. Why don't you let me and your assistant, Twombly, go to Europe and close the deal for you? There's a boat sailing tonight."

Abe promised to look into the matter during the day and give his answer at closing time. Then Michael got busy. There were tickets to be bought, passports, many last minute details to be attended to. To be sure, Feinberg had not said he would go into the proposition but Michael was a born salesman and there was nothing like being prepared. Still he didn't mention the matter to Mary, told her merely that he could not see her home that evening, that he had an important conference with the boss and would get in touch with her the minute it was over.

JUST at closing time that night Mary looked around from the shelves where she was stacking her linens and found Captain Brian Fitzroy standing at the counter.

"Lady Mary Cardigan working as a salesgirl!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"And liking it," she returned with a smile.

He had come all the way over to take her back home with him, he told her. He was sailing that night, for the affairs of his company necessitated his immediate return. But Mary shook her head. She was in America to stay, though, of course, she did miss her grandfather, the old home, her horses, and she was eager for news of them, so, when Brian suggested having dinner with him, she did not hesitate to accept. Michael would be busy most of the evening and she would have a chance to talk things over with Brian. Perhaps, even at this late hour, he could think of some plan to save Balkerry Castle for her grandfather.

"Do you know," she smiled as they took their places at the table he had reserved at the city's smartest hotel, "this is the first time I've worn an evening frock since I came to America?"

"You were born for lovely things, Mary," the man told her, his eyes feasting on her beauty. "It's ridiculous your staying over here and working as a shop-girl. You belong in your own surroundings, among people of your own class. You must return to Ireland with me."

"But what's the use, Brian? I haven't any money," she reminded him.

"I have. Do you know who bought your horse, Mavourneen?"

"Was it you? Oh, how sweet of you, Brian!" she exclaimed in delight.

"She's waiting for you over there now." He took her hand in his. "Marry me and come back and take your own place in society."

The girl's eyes grew wistful.

"Grandfather—Ireland—Mavourneen—it would be nice."

"I have lots of money, Mary," the man continued. "I'll give you everything in the world. You must come with me tonight. I've already engaged a cabin for you on the boat. My valet will be waiting at the pier with the tickets. I want you to come home and marry me there."

But the girl shook her head. The picture of home had faded before a greater vision.

"I can't do it, Brian," she said. "I'd rather be poor over here, earning my own living."

"Do you mean you'd give up everything to stay over here as a shop-girl?" Fitzroy asked incredulously.

"With the man I love," she returned wistfully.

"Look here, Mary, don't be a fool," he advised. "This fellow hasn't a penny and never will have."

"I don't care, I love him," she told him bravely.

At that very moment the subject of their conversation was making his way through the tables to theirs. A call at Mary's boarding house had given Michael the information that she had driven off

(Continued on page 30)

LIVES of the GREAT

By HOWARD CURTIS

Margaret is still bringing up an inherited family and giving them all the advantages her success on the screen has made possible. She is now under contract to Columbia Pictures for six productions.

During a trip to Los Angeles to purchase her trousseau, Margaret Livingston decided to substitute a picture career for matrimony.

IT WAS during a trip to Los Angeles to buy her trousseau that Margaret Livingston decided to substitute a film career for matrimony. Born in Salt Lake City in 1901, her first real grief came to her when her mother and father decided to separate. Her father had plenty of money but her mother would accept none of it after the divorce. Instead, she chose to support her two children by her own efforts, so Margaret learned to know struggling and self-denial even in the early days. Mr. Livingston was killed in 1914 in an accident in the Silver King Mine.

After Margaret had graduated from high school, she took a business course and, while looking for a job as secretary, met George Crosby, an immensely wealthy cattle man many years her senior who immediately fell in love with the slender, dark-haired little girl. When she finally consented to marry him, he supplied her with money to go to Los Angeles for her trousseau. While there, she met Edna Purviance and Charlie Chaplin who introduced her to other members of the film colony. When she returned to Salt Lake City, all she could think of was the glamor of the lights in the studio and the money the girls she had met were earning by appearing before the camera. Invitations to the wedding had already been mailed when one night she stole out of the house and took the train to San Francisco, leaving no word of any kind behind her. When she arrived at her destination, she telegraphed her mother that she was not going to be married, but was going into pictures.

Well supplied with the lovely clothes she had purchased for her trousseau and having seventy-five dollars in cash, she started to haunt the studios for extra work. But there was little of this and there were

(Continued on page 24)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED (Reviewed)

Here's More Encouragement for You

I ALWAYS keep a weather eye out for anything encouraging about writing for the screen that comes from the producers themselves. B. P. Fineman writes:

"I don't care where a screen story comes from if it's a great story and not stolen property; in fact, I do not think the source of a story makes much difference.

"The screen story, adapted from a novel, a magazine story or a play, must be built up and improved or it cannot serve the purpose of the films. For that reason, I maintain that a story written directly and expressly for the screen by a capable scenarist has as much more value than any other, except an international stage success or a novel of such outstanding fame that its title and content are known all over the world."

That does sound a little encouraging, doesn't it?

And now let's take just a few minutes off to learn how one star would set about filming her part in your script if you happened to be lucky enough to write one for her. A great many readers ask questions about how the screen stars set about acting a role and I think that probably many of them do just about as Norma Talmadge describes in the following talk about her method of procedure upon undertaking a new part. Norma says:

"I read and reread the story. After I am thoroughly familiar with the plot and background, long before I go near the studio, I go off by myself and think out—or 'feel' would be better in my case—the role I am to play.

"Almost always before I do a new picture, I live practically alone in my little house on the beach at Santa Monica. It is a beautiful place to study, with the Pacific Ocean just outside my front door. In every part I play, I wonder about the childhood of the heroine, even though this has nothing to do with the picture. I wonder about the incidents in her daily life, about what might have happened to her before the great moments that are shown in the picture. And, by the time I go to the studio to start work, I can only hope that I have captured something of the soul of the character I am to interpret.

"You see, in pictures we speak in the only language in the world that cannot lie. An idea that exists in the mind writes itself upon the face, on the entire body, in fact. Realizing that, can you imagine being anything but sincere in trying to make a character seem real on the screen?"

Just a little sidelight on the way the stars get to work on a new role, but I think it will interest those of you who are trying to write for production.

$1250 FOR ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY STORY

Our sales department sold an unknown author's first story for the above amount. We revise, copyright and submit to studios stories for both silent and talking pictures. Being located in the heart of the motion picture industry, it is to your advantage to deal with us. Established 1917. Free booklet.

Universal Scenario Company

211 Western and Santa Monica Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

The Painted Angel

(Continued from page 9)

Oldfield smiled happily and looked around at the Hudler family in eager anticipation. They returned his smile. Now their life of luxury would be secured, with no manager to interfere with any of their plans. "Miss Rodeo West has just consented to become the bride of our genial manager and friend, Brood Bruce."

A Song of Kentucky

(Continued from page 5)

"Why, yes," Lee returned in surprise, "but I don't quite see why—"

"Well, Jerry has meant a lot to me," the other girl went on hurriedly. "I was afraid after you two were married my name might be brought up some way and I wanted you to know that—well, that it's all right."

"Just why should your name be brought up?"

"Well, you see, Jerry and I were —together until he met you—"

"Jerry and you together?" Lee gasped through white lips. "Why that can't be true! Jerry wouldn't —"

"Oh, Jerry's fine," the caller defended. "He'll take care of me. I've nothing to worry about that way—only—I wanted you to know how things were. Jerry's been on the level with me and I want to be on the level with him. See?" She held out a check for five hundred dollars, bearing Jerry's signature.

"Yes, I see," Lee returned in a voice that had grown suddenly weary.

"Well, I guess that's all," Nancy concluded uneasily, rising to go.

"Oh, your check," Lee reminded, holding out the telltale piece of paper.

"Thank you," the other returned. "I'll need it to pay the rent. It will carry me through

(Continued on page 27)

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Rin-Tin-Tin's pals were most thoughtful of him at Christmas time. These are just a few of the toys the popular Warner Brothers' star found in his stocking.

Pals O' Mine:

This week's mail brought a letter from our Charles of California who—at time of writing—was away off in dear ole Lunnon town—and still thinking of his pals in the dear old U. S. A.

And here's a letter from Rosie of Maine. I am quoting from it because I think it may help some of our younger pals who find themselves chaffing under the restriction of school life. As often as I have dared, without running the risk of being considered "preachy", I have said:

"Stick to your books just as long as you can and be daily grateful for the opportunity," or words to that effect.

But Rosie is of your own age, her experience is recent, so perhaps it may bear more weight than the words of your Big Chief.

"Helen and I are having a great time through the letters that we received through your club. We are very grateful to you, and we can say that we are not sorry that we wrote you in quest of pen pals.

"I have a good position now, Miss Lee, and I have plenty of time on my hands, and that means plenty of time to write. I am secretary for the agent whose name you see written in red on the top of this page, and I love my work very much. I'm very glad that I finished my business-school course now, because, you see, at one time I had really decided to leave school entirely, as I was getting tired of it. You know how it is, when we get to a certain age, we feel reckless and do not care to go to school as we would like people to call us grown-ups, and they certainly won't when we go to school. But now I understand better and I'm awfully thankful to my folks for sending me."

So, my youngsters who have the opportunity to keep on studying, heed the words of Rosie of Maine and of your own. ROSEMARY LEE.

* * *

"Rosemary for rememberance!" Somehow I rather wish I knew the real you!

May I join your club? I'd like to very much.

Letters from everyone, young, old, modern and old-fashioned will be welcome.

My friends say I am a weaver of dreams and call me "Princess of Moods". I wonder could I find a better name for writing. No, I do not believe I could, so I remain forever,

Princess of Moods.

What a world of poetry in that—Princess of Moods! Your friends, too, must be weavers of dreams or they never could think of such a title. And you'll find more dreamers in our club, dreamers of sweet, beautiful dreams.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Sometime ago, a letter of mine appeared in your Helping Hearts Column, and I received a letter from a boy who said he lost his hearing in the World War. (I am a deaf girl.) I neglected to answer his letter right away, and now I can't find his address. So, if he reads this and will write to me again, I will promise to answer promptly.

Thank you, Miss York.

Soldier Boy, if you see this will you send your name and address that I may forward it at once to Miss York? You see I sympathize with her, for I am always misplacing things. I think I must have been ice skating the nice July day the bump of system was passed around. If some of you pals got my share, will you please send it on to me and thereby save me much grief and heartache?

* * *

Dearest Rosemary:

Can you find an empty nook in your fascinating department for a sixteen-year-old girl whose favorite hobby is receiving and writing letters? Oh, thank you, dear Chief Pal, I knew I could rely on you.

Since describing oneself seems the accepted mode of introduction, I may as well tell the "whats and whys and wherefores". I'm not a flapper and I'm certainly not old-fashioned—just what Dad calls a "happy medium with a dash of paprika". Five feet, five and a half inches tall and weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, I have brown curly hair and brown eyes. My favorite pastimes, besides the letter part, are all outdoor and athletic sports, drawing, telling stories and, best of all, dancing and basketball. Oh, I might just as well say I love everything.

Do find me some big brothers and sweet sisters and otherwise, dear Rosemary. And thank you so very much. I'll sign myself

Miss 1930.

I'll wager your Dad's a good pal, isn't he? I like the way he describes you. And how some of your sixteen-year-olders can write! When I read your letters, my eyes open wider and wider. If you keep it up, they'll soon cover my whole face. Then how in the world will I eat?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Please, don't you think you can find room for one more lonely heart? I just found enough courage to write, so I had better hurry before I lose my courage.

This is I: Five-foot two, eyes of blue, medium complexion, medium blonde hair. May I join?

I have always had hard luck in choosing pals. As soon as I begin to like a person, I find him or her to be untrue. Do you think you can help me?

Oh, I almost forgot something. I am almost sixteen and my hobbies are sports and reading—a very queer combination, if I do say so myself. I would like to hear from both sexes.

Now please, everyone, write to Peg of Brooklyn.

Perhaps, Peg, your pals were not always untrue to you but circumstances made them appear that way. That sometimes happens, you know. However, you'll find the H. H. C. pals are just right in every respect.

Darlings, we're going to have more room in the next issue, so keep on hoping. And don't forget to stamp your letters to be forwarded. All mail for Big Chief should be sent to 149 West 44th Street, New York City. See you in the next issue, bigger and better!

Lives of the Great

(Continued from page 21)

long periods of idleness between the few working days. Months followed when there was not enough money for the proper food and, during the influenza epidemic in 1918, Margaret became seriously ill. She had had enough of the seeming hopeless struggle, so she wrote to her mother that, if George Crosby had not changed his mind, she was willing to return and marry him. The next mail brought a letter from her former fiancé, enclosing money for her trip and regretting that his own illness prevented his going after her in person. While waiting for the doctor to pronounce her strong enough to travel, she received a telegram from her mother telling her that her fiancé had died of influenza and had left an estate of three million dollars.

A little later Mrs. Livingston joined her daughter in Los Angeles and, when she arrived in the film colony, she found word awaiting her that her brother and his wife had both fallen victims to the "flu", leaving behind them six little children, ranging from one to fourteen years.

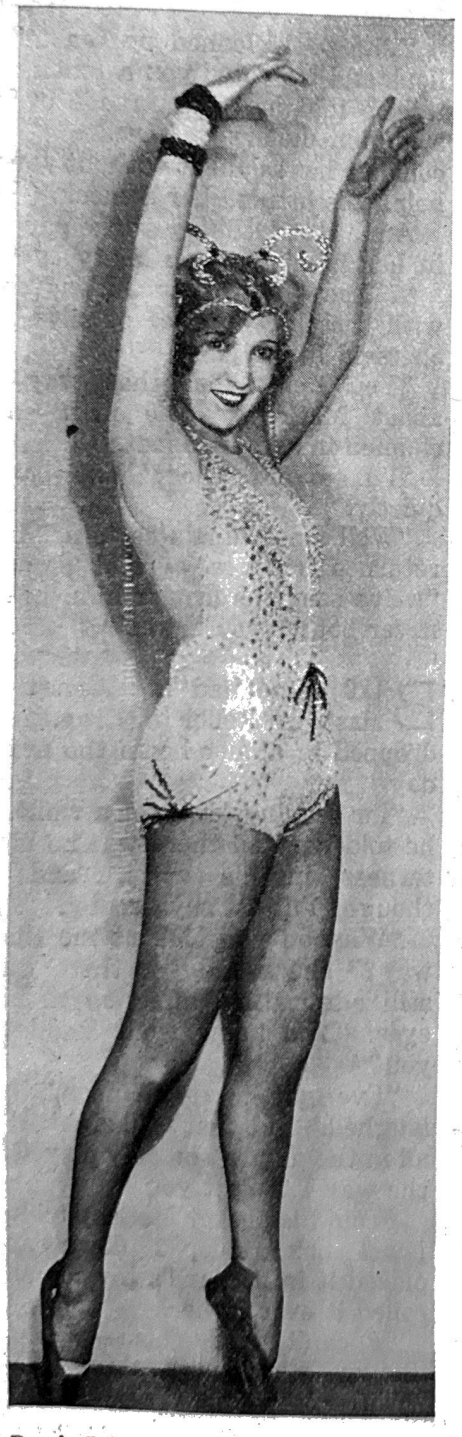
At that time Margaret was earning twenty-five dollars a week as a bathing beauty. She and her mother rented a tiny house, bought furniture on the instalment plan and started out to raise the family. Those were hard years for the little actress, for, besides the usual living expenses, one child after another was always being taken down with some ailment that necessitated an added expenditure for doctors' bills and medicine. In 1922 when things looked darkest, Margaret was given a contract with Mr. Ince for $125 a week, which was soon raised to $300. Three years later she was drawing a thousand a week from the Fox Company.

Last year she started free-lancing and made nineteen pictures and more money than she had ever earned before in a single year. She is now under contract to Columbia Pictures for six productions at a top-notch salary.

During these years she has taken care that her inherited family should have every educational advantage. Two of them are now married, and three are still in school.

Consult Mystic MYRA

SHE SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, KNOWS ALL—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out.



Bessie Love, one of the favorite daughters of the talkies, could not tire her fans if she appeared in a picture a week. Hard on Bessie, say you?

Dorothy K.: You like the way Evelyn Brent speaks and this leads you to inquire about her nationality? This dark-haired charmer is a product of our own United States, but she spent four years in London. Perhaps it is the influence of our cousins across the water that makes the Brent lady's manner of speaking so intriguing to you. Evelyn was born in Tampa, Florida, and started out with an ambition to become a teacher. With this in mind, she attended Normal Training School. Then, as a school-girl lark, she journeyed to Fort Lee, N. J., one day and obtained work as an extra in pictures. There she made the acquaintance of Priscilla Dean. The two girls struck up a friendship and determined to scale the cinema heights together. It was after Evelyn had attained a certain measure of success that she went to Europe on a pleasure trip. There John Cromwell persuaded her to play a part in his stage play, "The Ruined Lady," so the girl from Tampa remained in London, dividing four years between appearances on the stage and screen. When she returned to the States, it was with the intention of remaining for only a few weeks, but Douglas Fairbanks signed her up for his next picture —and what girl could sail away with such an intriguing prospect before her? But seven months went by and the picture still remained a "prospect". Evelyn became impatient and, when a chance to play opposite Monte Blue presented itself, she took it. This was followed by a series of fourteen crook melodramas under the F. B. O. banner. Next came a long-term contract with Paramount. Now she is scheduled to

Evelyn Brent wants to forsake crook parts for a while and be a "good girl" —and why shouldn't she?

make three features for Columbia Pictures. We are told that Evelyn wants to get away from the crook stuff and be a "good girl". And why not? We think she was charming in the sympathetic role with Jack Oakie in the baseball story, "Fast Company".

* * * *

Betty Blue: Sorry to disappoint you but your favorite, Richard Arlen, is married. The other half of the household is Jobyna Ralston who appeared as Harold Lloyd's leading lady in a number of that star's feature comedies. Richard is a product of the Sunny South, Charlottesville, Va.

Coming in next issue: "Peacock Alley", starring Mae Murray, "Second Choice", starring Dolores Costello, "South Sea Rose", starring Lenore Ulric and "The Broadway Hoofer", starring Marie Saxon, Jack Egan and Louise Fazenda.

Wall Street

(Continued from page 15)

the mills and now I'll miss the games and the boxing and the band and everything. Oh, dear!"

But Richard did not miss the picnic. With his mother's permission, he phoned McCray, reminding him of his promise and breaking the glad news that his mother would go with them. Roller was delighted. Evidently Anne wanted to show him that she had forgiven his outburst. He broke all traffic rules getting to the Tabor home. He spent the happiest day of his life in the country with his old friends who looked up to him as a hero and were outspoken in their admiration of his "lady". When they returned to town late that night, Richard murmured sleepily:

"I've had the best time I ever had in all my life."

"How about you?" Roller turned anxiously to Anne. "I know the gang from the mill is pretty rough and I couldn't help the things they said about you—about you and me."

"I didn't mind," Anne assured him.

"And what happened the other night—I'm sorry about that, too," he went on, boyishly contrite.

"Well, after what happened today, I think I can forgive that, also," she returned with a strange, slow smile.

"And may I see you tomorrow?" he asked eagerly.

"Perhaps you won't want to see me—tomorrow," she told him.

"Listen," he laughed. "I wish I was as sure of everything as I am of wanting to see you."

There was a new look in Anne's eyes as she bade him goodnight.

"There's one thing I wish you'd remember—always," she said hesitatingly. "It was you who taught me, 'Take everything you can get—and, if it comes from an enemy, so much the sweeter'."

A thoughtful smile curled the man's lips.

"Maybe—I was wrong about that. Goodnight."

ROLLER McCRAY did not flinch at the news the frantic Savage who was waiting for him at his apartment broke to him. They had tried to reach him everywhere. If they could have gotten in touch with him, his secretary knew he could have stemmed the tide.

"Well, how broke am I?" McCray asked quietly.

"You have twenty-five thousand in cash—that's every cent."

To Savage's astonishment, a broad smile spread over his chief's face.

"That's more than I had when I started," he grinned. "They certainly trimmed me. They got everything but the buttons on my vest. But, say, didn't I make a record? I took the fastest licking the Street's had in years."

"Some one must have tipped Willard off," Savage told him. "They were ready for you the minute you left. Somebody sold you out. All over town they're saying it was a woman, a friend of Willard."

"Yeah?" McCray saw it all now, why Anne had volunteered to go to the picnic, why she had added her plea to little Richard's that they stay over for the evening's fireworks—he was to be kept out of town until there was no possibility of his remedying the situation. He smiled to himself. Not only was she a thoroughbred, she was clever, she had beaten him at his own game—a woman. "It's a laugh, huh?"

"What's so funny about it?" Savage asked wonderingly.

"Everything," McCray told him. "Well, live and learn. It's all in the breaks. Here today and gone tomorrow."

He was still smiling when Andy Cairns who had seen the news in the late editions of the papers and had taken the next train to town rushed into the room.

"Rollerr, they cer-r-tainly got us, didn't they?" he said, trying to hide his anxiety.

"What do you mean they got us?" McCray smiled at the worried little foreman. "Say, you don't think I'd let you get trimmed by those porch-climbers, do you?"

"Ye mean—I didn't lose ma money?" And gasped.

"Not a nickel," his friend assured him. "When I saw how it was goin', I switched you into Erie Common. You even made a fair profit. What was it we figured out?" He turned to Savage with a wink. "Oh, yes, twenty-five thousand. Make out a check for Andy—that's what he's got comin' to him."

AT THAT same moment in the Tabor home, Willard was giving Anne what was "coming to" her.

"The pool cleaned up ten millions and we voted you a tenth of it," he told her. "You made over a million dollars on the deal. We couldn't have done it without your help." He handed her a check.

Anne stood looking at the paper in her hand through misty eyes.

"I know now how Judas felt with the thirty pieces of silver," she said bitterly.

"You don't feel that way—about McCray?" the man exclaimed in astonishment.

"I'm afraid I do," she said quietly.

"Well, one thing's certain," he returned with a cynical smile, "we've seen the last of him, he'll never bother you again."

BUT Anne had not seen the last of Roller McCray. He dropped in at her home the next day.

"I'm leaving town for a while," he told her and there was no bitterness in his voice, "and I thought I'd just say goodby."

"Why do you look at me that way?" she asked, for there was still admiration, affection in his eyes. "You know what I did to you?"

"I've got a rough idea," he laughed. "But that's all right. It's all in the game. You only played it the way I taught you."

From his pocket McCray took a jewel box, stooped down and placed it in Richard's toy car and rolled it over to her.

"I can't take them—please." She was near the breaking point. "You can't mean that you want me to have them—after—"

"If you'll wear them once in a while," he told her.

She picked up the pearls and

gazed wistfully at their glistening beauty.

"You're a strange person," she murmured softly.

"That's what they say." he smiled.

"You seem so victorious — in defeat."

"There's one thing I want you to know," he said. "Downtown they think I'm smashed. I'm not. I'll come back. But, even if I couldn't come back, I'd call myself lucky just for knowin' you. I'm goin' now."

"And aren't you going to say goodby to Dick?" She wanted to detain him—she, herself, scarcely knew why.

"The first time I saw you—I had to meet you—quick. And now —I have to be just as quick gettin' out of your life."

He started toward the door as a childish voice cried:

"Uncle Roller! Oh, Uncle Roller!"

"I'm just leavin', Dick," he told him wistfully. "Walk to the door with me."

"Oh, don't go, Uncle Roller," the little tot pleaded.

Anne stood watching them, all her being struggling against the clamor in her heart to call him back. She swayed slightly, then from eager lips the cry came:

"Wait, Roller, please." McCray turned and stared at her, scarcely daring to hope. "I don't want you to go." A smile of wistful tenderness lighted her face.

The man went quickly back to her, his arms outstretched, his eyes bright with unspeakable joy.

That's That

(Continued from page 11)

THE film colony was well represented at the wedding of Bessie Love and William B. Hawkes, Beverly Hills broker, which took place in St. James' Episcopal Church. The bride's long-time friend, Blanche Sweet, was maid of honor and Carmel Myers, Bebe Daniels, Irene Mayer, Norma Shearer, Athol Shearer and Margaret Aster were bridesmaids.

A Song of Kentucky

(Continued from page 22)

until I can get some work." Then her voice became choked with tears. "Oh, I've tried to be on the square about giving him up," she sobbed, "but I can't, I can't! Oh, please don't take him away from me, You have everything, money, clothes, cars. He's all I have."

Lee stood for a moment, regarding the girl gravely, then she said quietly:

"I'm not going to take Jerry. He's yours. Will you please go?"

WHEN Jerry called that night to take Lee to the Philharmonic Concert, he was told by the butler that she was not at home and that she had left no word. Efforts to get her on the phone proved futile and the next day he read in the shipping news that Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman and their niece, Lee, accompanied by Kane Pitcairn, were passengers on the Isle de France. He was at a loss to account for this sudden change on the part of his fianceé. Radiograms to the ship went unanswered and the boy gave up in despair. His music lost all interest for him and he disappeared from Tin Pan Alley. Five weeks later, Jake Kleinschmidt found him in a little restaurant sometimes frequented by discouraged song writers. He begged him to return to the office. His last song, "I Can't Forget the Night I Fell in Love," was the biggest hit of the season and the public was clamoring for more. But Jerry flatly refused. He was through with song-writing forever. Then in the conversation of two men at the next table he heard a familiar name. They were discussing the coming Kentucky Derby and they were going to place their bets on Dixie. The boy grasped his publisher's arm.

"Jake, give me some money on account," he almost shouted. "I'm going to take a little trip."

"A trip? Where?" his friend demanded.

"Never mind," the boy told him. "Do I get the dough?"

"Nix! Nothing doing!" Kleinschmidt returned. "You and I go together. Never will I let you out of my sight again until you are yourself once more."

THEY arrived in Kentucky on the day of the Derby and went directly to the track. There Jerry rushed around to the stable in the hope of finding Lee before the race started.

"She just left," Steve, who had charge of Dixie, told him. "Of course, you know all about the—" He stopped short and looked up at the sky with a grave shake of his head.

"Why, what's wrong?" Jerry asked anxiously.

"Everything's wrong," the old man told him. "It's raining. Dixie's never run in the rain. Miss Lee refused to let me scratch him and she made the darndest bet I ever heard of."

"Bet? What bet?" Jerry demanded.

"She promised to marry this Pitcairn guy if Dixie loses. Can you beat it?"

MEANWHILE, in the Coleman box, Lee was sitting with her aunt, uncle and Kane, unmindful of the rain that was trickling down her face in little rivulets.

"You're a marvelous weather prophet, Kane," she remarked finally. "Did you order this cloudburst?"

"Maybe," he smiled at her. "You know all's fair in love and war."

"Don't be too sure. It's letting up now," she returned hopefully. "And it'll take more than a wet track to beat a horse like Dixie."

At that moment the starter's pistol cracked and the horses were off. Lee rose in the box, her eyes glued upon her favorite.

"Come on! Come on, Dixie!" she cried. "Hold him there, Tony! Hold him there!" for Dixie had taken the lead right at the start. "Come on, Dixie! Thatta boy! Come on, Dixie! Come on! Don't let 'em pass you, Dixie! Ride him, Tony, ride him."

But the fleet-footed horse, unaccustomed as he was to a muddy track, found it difficult to hold his

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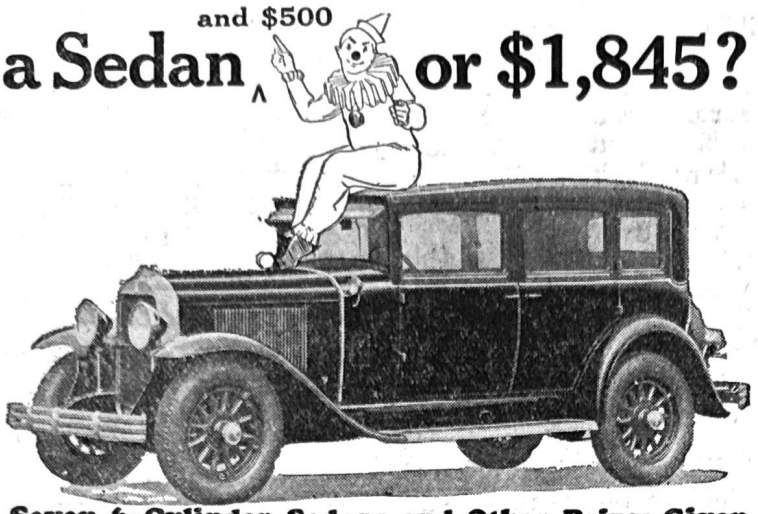

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place. As the mud began to cake in his hoofs and about his legs, he gradually lost ground and nothing Tony could do could regain it for him. With a sinking heart, Lee saw that the game was up. She had lost her bet.

"I'm sorry, dear." Her aunt put a consoling hand on hers.

"Breaks of the game, Lee girl," her uncle sympathized. "The best horse lost."

"It's all right, Lee," Kane reassured her. Just say the word and I'll call the bet off."

"I never welch on bets, Kane," she told him quietly. "I must go and see how Dixie is. He ran a hard race."

The other members of the party accompanied her to the stable though she would have preferred to go alone, and there Jerry found them.

"What's the matter, Lee?" he asked at once. "This bet—this bet of yours—oh, Lee, you can't go through with it—you can't!"

"But I must, Jerry," she told him, not daring to meet his eyes, for she knew the suffering she would see there.

"Oh, but it's ridiculous," the boy went on, oblivious to the interested listeners. "You can't have forgotten what happened. Why did you leave so suddenly? You know there never has been anyone else but you."

"I'm sorry, Jerry. I—I can't discuss it. It's impossible."

"On account of this bet? Why, he won't hold you to it."

Then Kane stepped forward.

"I've already offered to release Miss Coleman," he announced.

"Jerry, I'm going to marry Mr. Pitcairn," she said, her effort to keep all emotion from her voice making it cold, almost hard.

The boy drew back.

"I see," he said quietly. "I'm sorry for having intruded. Good-by."

THE Colemans were up north again. The day of Lee's marriage to Kane Pitcairn was rapidly approaching. Her wedding dress and veil had arrived from the modiste's. Outwardly she was calm, interested in the preparations; inwardly it was as if some

other girl, a stranger to her, were to be the central figure in the coming event. She had heard nothing of Jerry since the day of the Kentucky Derby, though she had eagerly scanned every theatrical sheet for mention of his name. Then one evening the papers carried a display ad. "A Song of Kentucky," a rhapsody by Jerry Reavis, would be played at the Philharmonic Hall that evening and the composer would conduct.

Lee was preparing to go to the theatre with Kane when she read the announcement. Leaving word with her maid that she would not be back until eleven o'clock, she called a taxi and drove into town. When Kane called a few minutes later, he was mystified by her absence—until the maid told him that it was right after Miss Coleman had read the evening paper, a copy of which, opened at the page of the Philharmonic ad, she held out to Kane, that she had called for her evening wrap and hurried away. Kane needed no further information. The Colemans had a season box at the Philharmonic. He knew he would find Lee there. When he joined her just as the concert started, his entrance caused her to turn her eyes from the stage for only a second, for she could not bear to lose sight of the young conductor for even an instant. And, as she listened to the haunting strains from the orchestra, she knew that "A Song of Kentucky" had been written to her and that Jerry was conducting it with her face before him. How plainly the music depicted those happy hours they had spent together—Lee lived them over again in those moments—the heartbreak of her boy sweetheart when their parting came! The tears rolled down her face and left their telltale marks on her evening gown, unheeded. Surely the boy who could put his soul into that inspiring music must be worthy of her love.

Suddenly she was brought back to reality by the opening of the door of the box and a girl's excited:

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She turned around and recognized Nancy Morgan just as Kane Pitcairn jumped to his feet and, taking the girl roughly by the arm, shoved her from the box. But even with the man's hand over her mouth, she continued to cry:

"Miss Coleman, I must see you."

Lee hastily left the box and joined the two in the passageway outside where Nancy was still struggling to free herself from Pitcairn.

"Don't listen to her, Lee. She's hysterical," Kane said hurriedly. "I'll get rid of her."

"No, you won't get rid of me," the girl cried, "not until I tell her. Miss Coleman, I've been lying about Jerry. This man paid me to lie. Jerry was never anything to me but my vaudeville partner when we were both starting out on the small time with a singing and dancing act. When I had been out of work for a long time and then had a chance at a new act if I could get the clothes, Jerry lent me the money. That was the check I showed you. Jerry was always decent to me and I treated him rotten."

"I never saw this woman before," Kane still protested.

"Then why did you push me out of the box?" the girl demanded. "Oh, I was a fool to let a rotter like you frame the only man who was ever square with me."

"Don't believe her, Lee. You're not going to take her word against mine?" Kane still insisted upon his innocence.

"Jerry was trying to tell me the same thing in his rhapsody," Lee said as if to herself. "I'm going to him. I'm going to him."

SHE found him sitting alone in his dressing room, exhausted by the emotional strain of the past hours. With a cry of, "Jerry!" she flew to his side and fell on her knees before him.

"Oh, darling, oh, forgive me," she sobbed. "They told me lies about you and I believed them. Oh, I'm sorry, Jerry, really I am. Jerry, I've loved you all the time."

The boy buried his face in the gold of her hair and into his eyes there came a happy light which the "Bravo!" of the vast audience in the auditorium a few minutes before had been powerless to call forth.

Lucky in Love

(Continued from page 20)

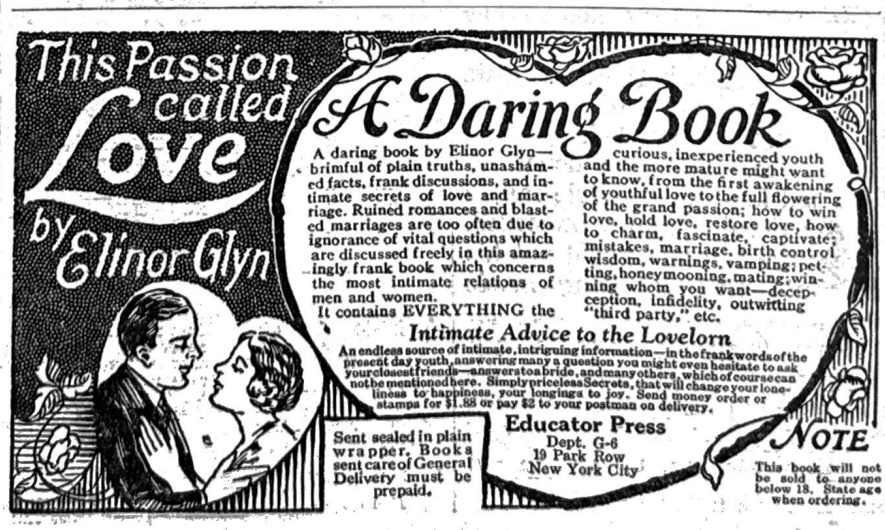
with a handsome stranger whom she called Brian. The landlady did not know their destination but she had overheard the young man say he was staying at the Ritz. That had been enough for Michael. The Captain's valet had supplied the rest of the information. Mary and Brian looked up in surprise at the boy's breathless:

"I'm sorry to interrupt."

Fitzroy's eyes flashed angrily. Was he never to see the end of this fellow?

"Is there no limit to your nerve?" he demanded sharply. "The last time we met—"

At this point the waiter an-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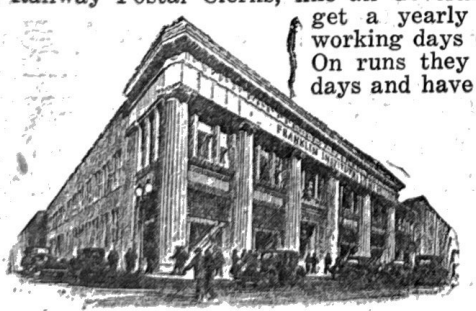

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? ? ?

SHY?
NERVOUS?
EMBARRASSED?

DO YOU LACK CONFIDENCE?

* * *

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nounced that Captain Fitzroy was wanted on the telephone—Michael had attended to that little detail. As soon as he was alone with Mary, he told her eagerly that they were sailing for Ireland that night.

"But I can't desert Brian like this," the girl protested.

"Oh, yes, you can. I'll leave a message with the waiter for him."

He grasped her by the hand and almost pulled her from her chair. When the Captain returned a moment later, fuming at the hoax that had been played upon him, there had been no one on the wire, he found the table empty and a message left with the waiter that the young man hoped the Captain would enjoy his dinner.

MEANWHILE, down at the dock, Twombly was walking nervously back and forth. The ship was on the point of sailing and Michael had not arrived. Neither had the boy with the tickets. Then he gave a sigh of relief as he saw Michael running toward him down the dock, fairly dragging behind him a girl in evening dress.

"Just in time," Michael gasped as he reached the gang-plank.

"I have the passports—they came from Washington by airplane," Twombly explained, "but that wretched boy isn't here with the tickets."

At that moment a deck steward addressed a man who was standing nervously beside the group:

"You'll have to go aboard, sir. We can't hold the ship any longer."

Michael turned and recognized Potts, Captain Fitzroy's valet, and at the same time the man recognized him.

"Have you seen Captain Fitzroy?" Potts asked eagerly, his frightened eyes fixed upon the tickets he held in his hand.

"What are those?" Michael asked, indicating the cardboards.

"Captain Fitzroy's tickets," the man told him, "first-class cabins for three passengers."

"Just what I need," Michael exclaimed joyfully, grabbing the tickets and running up the gang-plank, still grasping Mary by the hand and calling to Twombly to follow.

Scarcely had they put their feet on the deck when a shrill whistle sounded and the gang-plank was pulled in. At that moment Captain Fitzroy, breathless and hatless, ran out on the dock and waved frantically at the outgoing steamer.

THE day after the liner docked in Ireland, Castle Balkerry took on a festive mien that reminded the smiling servants of the good old days before the threat of a mortgage foreclosure had cast its shadow over their home. Their lady was being married today, their lady and the former groom, now a prosperous American business man. And the retainers would not have to leave the lovely old castle and seek new berths with a new master, for the millionaire who was Michael's employer had bought some of the Earl's land, five miles away, so that his lordship could satisfy the mortgage and still remain in his castle, undisturbed by the sight of ugly factory buildings.

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To advertise we are going to give over $7160.00 in prizes. Charles Henning, between 60 and 70 years old, won $4245.00 in last offer; Joe Hanslick, 15 years old, won $900.00; Mrs. D. H. Zller won $1800.00. You can win $3500.00 now.

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SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT?

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